

THE VISITANT.

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WESTERN UNION.

We are happy to inform our readers, that one of the first measures of the Board of Managers of the "Western Sunday School Union," has been the employment of a *General Agent* for the institution. The Rev. HOWARD MALCOM, of Hudson, is now in their service in this capacity, and will devote some weeks in visiting the towns and counties embraced in the Union. The object of this Agent will be, to give intelligence to the community in general upon the subject of Sunday Schools; to recommend the most approved modes of instruction and government; to form auxiliaries to the Western Union; and in various other ways to promote the prosperity of the cause.

Previous to his departure on the mission, Mr. M. preached in this village upon the subject of Sunday Schools to a crowded audience. A collection of fifty dollars was, at the same time, taken up for the benefit of the institution.

Should the future measures of the Board of Managers of this institution, be of the same enlightened and liberal character, and executed with the same efficiency, we may confidently expect, that, with the blessing of Heaven, success and prosperity will attend their efforts.

TO THE EDITOR:

How strikingly is the fact often presented before us, that in the Sunday School, and in our juvenile associations of benevolence, the rising generation are cultivating the spirit of the gospel

and preparing for usefulness to mankind. Happy indeed would it be for our world, were the spirit which is manifested in the following dialogue, better exemplified in the lives of Christians.

Soon after entering the school a few Sabbaths since, I overheard two scholars, about five or six years old, whom, for distinction, I shall call James and Henry, conversing together as follows:

James.—Henry, which had you rather be, a rich man, or a poor man?

Henry.—I had rather be a poor man.

James.—I had rather be rich.

Henry.—I had rather not be rich, because rich people are apt to be wicked. I should like to have some money, tho' to give to the poor heathen.

James.—O, that's all I want to be rich for.

Henry.—I wish I had twenty dollars; I would give it all to the heathen, who have'n't got any Bibles to read, or Sunday Schools to go to.

I know not, Mr. Editor, what others may think; but to me, this little dialogue speaks more than volumes in favor of the Sunday School. True, it is nothing of an extraordinary kind. Indeed, almost every teacher may have heard from his pupils, the same benevolent sentiments. It only shows, by an interesting example, the general spirit of the institution. K.

BENEVOLENCE OF FEMALES.

The concurrent testimony of experience, of reports of schools, and of opinions, variously expressed

ed, is, that the success of Sabbath schools depends in a great degree upon "the piety and active benevolence of females." In very many parts of our country they have been the bold pioneers in this religious enterprise, and in some they are still the sole occupants of the conquered territory. While the "lords of this lower creation," are spending holy time in idleness, dissipation, or worldly employments, and drinking in iniquity like water, they are gathering the little bands of Sunday scholars and teaching them the fear of the Lord. The following extract from the General Assembly's Narrative, will show the opinion of that body, on the subject:

"We should be doing injustice to our own feelings, as well as to an amiable and important class of our fellow-labourers in the cause of Christ, did we not here acknowledge how much our churches owe to the *piety and active benevolence of females*. In the Bible Society, Sunday School, Missionary and Education Societies, and most eminently in those associations which have for their object the relief of poor and suffering females and children, the influence of christian women has been sensibly felt among us. In these appropriate and interesting fields, we rejoice to meet them, and cordially bid them God speed."

THE American Sunday School Union, says the last Report of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, rising up in the bosom of the Christian Church in our land, is also a blessed institution. In this simple and noiseless

service, the best spirit and powers of the church, are brought into the most delightful exercise.—Gratuitous instruction, by the first classes of society, of the poor and ignorant—a beginning of gospel impressions, and of Bible knowledge, with the beginning of life—a breaking away of the connecting curse which binds ungodly parents and children together—its happy tendency to meliorate the condition of the slaves, and free people of colour in our country—the direct influence which it exerts upon the salvation of souls, discover an extraordinary value in this institution, and should recommend it to every church and people in the nation.

THE SABBATH TEACHER'S RETROSPECT.

ANOTHER Sabbath, with rapidity almost inconceivable, has passed away, and I am come to the extreme verge of another day; the vanities of time will again engage the general attention; the bustle of business, the intensity of study, and the perpetual round of giddy pleasure, will again engage the multitude: for such is life! But as well as looking forward, I look backward; and with regard to myself, as in the capacity of a Sabbath Teacher, how has the almost departed day been spent. Is there no pain of conscience on account of neglected duty? Has the trumpet I have used, given no uncertain sound?—Was my conduct so serious that it warned the young ones, it was "no time for them to trifle, when their teacher was come to them with a message from God himself?" Did I wrestle ere I left my closet in the morning, with the angel of the covenant for

a blessing? Did I acknowledge the presence of God, feeling it myself, and seeking that the dear children around me should feel it too? Have I reproved, rebuked, exhorted:—has my exhortation been the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?—and, in one momentous word—*have I been faithful?* Oh! important, important inquiries: I look back with trembling, for though I may fancy all has been right, that Eternal, whose way is in the whirlwind, and whose path is in the storm, *He who searcheth the heart*, may have seen wickedness, impurity, and forgetfulness, which I have not detected. He may see a want of that earnestness of which I see such a profusion; he may see a real want of that ability which I vainly fancy I possess;—and he may see traces of that presumption and pride, of which I indignantly suppose myself incapable. When I was seeking to glorify God, as I thought, to his pure and holy eyes I might have been seeking to glorify myself.—When I was pressing towards the salvation of the young ones, I might have been desiring *my own praise*, and looking after that honour which cometh from man: and if I endeavour to detect my motives and to unveil the secrets of my heart, I have need, instead of being puffed up with any supposed attainments, to lay my hand upon my mouth and my mouth in the dust, and to cry, Unclean, unclean. Oh! thou infinitely high and mighty God, I implore thy sanctifying blessing; I do most fervently entreat thy pardon and forgiveness; I have taken upon myself to be an instructor of the young; but I may, with all my supposed eloquence, preach from

the rising to the setting of the sun, and my coadjutors may assiduously and incessantly water, but still I supplicate thy genial influence, without which all must forever be in vain.—*Lon. S. S. Mag.*

THE SABBATH AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THE following fact given in the journal of the Missionaries at these islands, will show in what regard the Sabbath is held by the natives.

While at tea this evening we heard a herald passing through the district, (the manner in which all the general orders of the king and chiefs are communicated to their vassals,) making a proclamation to the people. On inquiring of the native boys in our yard, we learned, that the object of it was to inform the people, that the next day but one would be the Sabbath, and to command them to have all their food for that day prepared on the morrow, and not to break the commandment of God by working on the “*latabu*”—sacred day. Heralds have very frequently been sent out on a Saturday evening, to give intelligence of the arrival of the Sabbath, and to command its observance; but this is the first time we have heard it notified so seasonably, as to take all excuse from those who disregard it.

MR. PARSONS' LETTER.

Letter from the late Rev. Levi Parsons to his Father, dated Syria, Oct. 15, 1821.

“The doctor says I may write a little, but must not read; so why may I not converse awhile with my ever dear father.

“During my sickness I have

had occasion often to bless my parents for teaching me the scriptures. When a very little child, my parents required me to learn the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes, twelfth chapter of Romans, and the twelfth chapter of Hebrews. Almost every verse of these chapters have ever since remained in my mind. And twenty-five years after, when on a sick, and in the opinion of all around, a dying bed, some of these passages gave me the greatest consolation.

"No person, in this world, will fully value the instruction of very little children. Impressions then made are remembered, and beyond a doubt, lead many to repentance, twenty, thirty, or fifty years after. Your exertions, my father, for Sabbath schools, give me great pleasure. How many children will bless you, years hence, when departing from the world to their final Judge.

"I wish you, my father, to remember me to all Sabbath school teachers you may see in your mission. Greatly encourage them in their work. Their reward will be more precious than gold. The thanks of one dying pupil will be a compensation of more value than the world.

"Satan well knows that this system is taking deep hold of his kingdom, and for this reason he will discourage teachers, tell them that children are no better, but rather worse. He will tell children that it is not honourable, it is a shame to be seen studying the Bible. This is very natural. For Satan knows that he cannot erase impressions made in childhood.—He knows the divine power of the word of God. He knows his weakness when a passage of scripture takes hold of the mind.

"O my father, I am quite sure this system, conducted with piety, is to be the grand instrument of converting the world. It is silent; nearly connected with revivals.—Men of the world do not see its tendency. God only knows the extent of its influence. The more silence in these schools, perhaps the better. The less said, the more done. The less noise, deeper the impression. One passage fixed in the heart is better than many in the head. I have thought that if the instructor would often repeat the passage after the child without any observation, the effect would be salutary; as when the child says, "God is angry with the wicked every day," the instructor may say slowly, "God is angry with the wicked every day."

"Parade about religion is full of mischief. The adversary can thus undo in one day the labour of months. God Almighty destroy his cruel kingdom!

"I have said much. I must close. I gain strength every day. Once or twice I have walked abroad. The doctor says to-morrow I must ride. This is a great privilege. I know that my father will pray that this sickness may make me a better missionary.

"In all your missions, visits, and plans of usefulness, the Lord grant his peculiar blessing.

"Your dutiful son,

"LEVI PARSONS."

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

MR. ELLIS, the Missionary from the Sandwich Islands, visited a Sunday School in New York, and in addressing the children told them of the cruelties and idolatries practiced among them, and the

good that had been done by missionary efforts, and especially by the establishing of a Sabbath school; taking a comparative view of their privileges, and those of the scholars he was addressing. At the close of his address, some of the scholars desired that they might do something to promote so good a work; and a collection was proposed by the teacher, and the following Sabbath fourteen dollars were given by the scholars for this interesting purpose. And the following letter was written by a scholar, to forward with their humble offering:—*Amer. S. S. Mag.*

Beloved Strangers.—I was much gratified to hear there was a Sabbath school established among you, that you may learn to “worship the living and true God.” I have attended a Sabbath school since I was five years old, and this was the first place where I learnt to know I was a sinner in the sight of God; and I trust I was brought to the feet of Jesus when I was 8 years old. I felt that there was a reality in religion that I could not express, but which all who feel a Saviour’s love, will know. May many who attend them know this love by happy experience. I hope you will be thankful to your teachers for their care and attention—attend to what your teachers tell you—seek the Lord early—for he hath said, “They that seek me early shall find me.”—That many souls may be converted and brought to God, is the sincere prayer of your friend.

ELIZA S.

EARLY PIETY.

From an English Magazine.

THERE was a very little boy who had a pious mother. One

Sabbath morning, when he was quite well, he said, “Mother, let me kiss you:” and she stooped to let him kiss her, and he said, “I love you, Mother; and I love every body; and I say, “pray God, bless every body!” He then repeated a little hymn, and made a tune to it, and sung it; and said, “Mother do you think God will like that tune? If he would, I would always sing it to him.” He was then going out of the door with his grandmother to church, and he turned back and said, “will you kneel down grandmother, and pray God to take me to heaven when I die?” He then said, “be quick that we may go to church, for I love to hear them pray.”—They set out, and as they went along, he found a plum, which he put into his mouth, but as he was running up the church steps, he fell down, which caused him to swallow the plum-stone: he choked and died almost in an instant.—He was only four years old.

THE INFANT PREACHER.

From the Journal of a Missionary.

I give you an interesting conversation between one of my Sunday School children, between five and six years old; named —, and her grandfather, with whom she was on a visit. The old man was then in a declining state:—

Child. ‘I think you are very ill, grandfather.’

Grandfather. ‘Yes, my dear, I’m very ill.’

Child. ‘Where do you expect to go when you die?’

Grandfather. ‘To heaven, I hope.’

Child. ‘I hope you will; but if you do, you must leave off swearing and saying bad words: If

you don't, you will go to a bad place, and there be tormented with wicked and miserable creatures; but if you go to heaven, you will be happy with God and Christ forever. But you must pray and keep on praying, and if you awake in the night you must pray.—Grandfather do you ever pray?"

The last question, put with all the honest simplicity of infancy, touched the old man's heart, and melted him into tears. Nothing could have been said more pointed and reasonable, and I have reason to believe that a lasting impression was made upon his mind. He was soon after confined to his bed, when I visited him and had the satisfaction of hearing the following lamentation from his lips: "What a sinner I have been!—What means I have slighted!—What a vile creature I am!" He also manifested an unusual abstractedness from the world. "O," he said, "I have done with the world! the little time I may be spared shall be spent in mourning over my sins, and seeking an interest in the blessed Saviour!"

He died in peace; and who knows but, at the last great day, it will appear that this was a brand plucked out of the fire, through the instrumentality of a little child belonging to a Sunday School?

THE SAVINGS BANK.

Or, the Captain's Advice to his Crew.

It will be one of the objects of the proposed *National Seaman's Friend Society* to inculcate upon sailors economical habits with regard to their property, and to induce them to deposit their hard earned wages in Savings Banks.—A very correct idea of the necessity of these institutions for the

benefit of seamen, and as we believe of their general willingness to accept of their benefits, may be obtained from the following dialogue.

Tom. I say, Jack, where can a body come athwart the *Savings Bank* as they call it?

Jack. Savings Bank, do you say? faith, that's past my reckoning. What would they be at there, shipmate?

Tom. Harkee, Jack, as our captain was paying us off, says he, Tom, what will you do with all this money? Says I, that's something more than I have thought about: but between sky-larking and jolly-boys, I'll soon be rid of it. Well, says the Captain, and how will you manage to make the pot boil when you are sick or old? would it not be better for you to lay by the whole or part of the money, which you have earned by so much hard duty, to make yourself comfortable when you are on your beam ends. Aye, sir, said I, but if one gives it to our owners, two chances to one, but they break. If we lend it to a messmate, or leave it with our landlady, it's all one, we never have any good of it. True enough, Tom, says our Captain, but if you put it into the Savings Bank, you are sure of getting it again, when wanted, and that too with interest. So you must know, Jack, I've been overhauling what the captain has told me, and am resolved to just stow away my cash, and instead of carousing ashore, ship with the captain for next voyage.

Jack. Bravo, shatter my limbs but I thought just so of the captain, when we were with him last year. Was'nt he always doing something to make us comfortable? But how comes it he did not tell us of the Savings Bank then?

Tom. Avast, Jack, the Captain could not tell us of it for the best reason in the world, it was not then under way.

Jack. Well, full allowance and fair weather, say I, to the noble hearts who planned it. Why, Tom, a body has something to work for now. Money at interest, and as safe as a ship in dry dock. Give me the rope's end, if I don't put what shiners I have left in it with you. Come along, Tom, we'll hail every thing we meet till we find this Sailor's Snug Harbour.

SAUMY.

WILLIAM TAYLOR MONEY, Esq., a Member of the British Parliament, who was formerly connected with the government of Bengal, was a warm friend of the American Missionaries who first visited Bombay. This gentleman and his lady have distinguished themselves by many acts of kindness and liberality towards our countrymen who went to preach the Gospel to the idolatrous Hindoos; and on this account we feel a deeper interest in the following pleasing anecdote related by him at a Bible Society meeting. It appeared some time ago in the papers, but is worthy a place among our Gleanings.—*S. S. Mag.*

"About three years ago, I went from Bombay to the Mahratta country, for the health of my family. One day, as our little girl, not three years old, was walking through a grove with a native servant, they approached an ancient and deserted native temple. The man quitting the child, stepped aside, and paid his adorations to a stone idol, that was seated at the door of the temple: when he re-

turned, the following dialogue took place between them: "Saumy, what for you do that?" "O! missy, that my God." "Your God! why, your God a stone, you God no can see, no can hear, no can move: my God see every thing; make you, make me, make every thing." We remained at that place four months. Saumy never failed to repair to the temple, and the child never failed to reprove him for his idolatry. He became, notwithstanding, very much attached to her, and when he thought she was going to Europe, he said to her, "what will poor Saumy do, when missy go to England? Saumy no father, no mother." She instantly replied, "Oh Saumy, if you love my God, he will be your father and mother too." The old man, with tears in his eyes, promised to love her God. Then said she, "you must learn my prayers;" and she taught him the Lord's prayer, the belief, and her morning and evening hymns. One morning when we were assembled to family worship, Saumy, of his own accord, quite unexpected, came into the room, took his turban off his head, laid it on the floor, kneeled down, and audibly repeated after me the Lord's prayer. From thenceforth, there was a visible change in his whole conduct, particularly in his regard to truth. He became anxious to learn English, that he might read the Bible, and in a little time he accomplished the task."

A SHORT AND FERVENT PRAYER,

A poor daughter of Africa—a Sunday scholar—one of those aged pilgrims, who have so often rejoiced over the blessings they

bring, with exceeding joy, "as on: that findeth great spoils," was brought nigh to the gates of death; on being visited by a Christian friend, she requested his prayers. When about to close his fervent supplications, he was interrupted by the sick woman, with surprising energy, crying out with pious earnestness, "O do not forget to pray for the Sunday school and my teachers"—Truly "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and such importunity must bring blessings from the throne of grace.—S. S. Mag.

REV. MR. BRECKENRIDGE'S

ADDRESS,

At the Anniversary of the American Sunday School Union.

Mr. Breckenridge observed, that when Lycurgus wished to make a nation of soldiers, he asked of the Lacedaemonians their children, and beginning with the commencement of life, he new-modelled the character of the whole republic, and made it for ages impregnable, by the assaults even of confederated Greece. Such Mr. B. said, had been the policy of the most wise and successful rulers, to take possession of the *rising generation*, to infix in the minds of children impressions intended to develop themselves in *manhood*, and to affect a nation or an age. These impressions waxed stronger and stronger with the opening powers of the mind on which they had been made; until, at length what was but an atom of influence in the spirit of a *little child*, became the *ruling passion* of the full grown man—and what was but yesterday, a throng of little triflers, to-day comes up in the breadth of the land, to wield its energies and control its empire.

What was felt to be so important and so effective a process by the rulers of this world, Mr. B. remarked, would hardly be lost sight of by the

Ruler of the Skies. It was the wisdom and mercy of our holy religion, that its promises, its provisions, and its precepts, were for us and "for our children." The church had for ages been unfaithful and blind, as to the immensely important injunction to "train up her children in the way they should go;" hence "when they became old they departed" from their God.

He said, that he considered the system of Sunday schools as peculiarly felicitous in its adaptedness to supply this very lack of service to the rising race of children. By a process at once simple and efficient—cheap, winning, and susceptible of endless enlargement—the Sunday school takes possession of the minds of little children, and seducingly leads their young hearts without noise or violence to Jesus Christ.

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In fine, (continued Mr. B.) the American Sunday School Union is a most efficient and noble institution. By elements so simple, and means apparently so small, it has reached such vast results, that it reminds us of the prophet's vision of a river stealing silently up from the narrow basement of the temple. Already this fountain has burst out into an abundant and fertilizing stream. Day after day it deepens its channel—widens its surface, and swells its tide of good to the land. And it is our prayer, honored sir, that before your hoary locks have waved their last blessings upon an institution, which under God you have done so much to promote, its benefits may flow as "the river of God" to a dying world.

Almighty Father, Heavenly King!
Who rulest the worlds above,
Accept the tribute children bring.
Of gratitude and love.

While here we spend our youthful days,
And blest with means to rise,
O! may religion guide our ways,
And make us truly wise.